

Good Evening!

By BIDE DUDLEY

A little kindness shown each day
To help make glad some heart,
A little patience at mistakes
Where anger's apt to start.
A little smile for those who plod
With loads up life's steep hill,
If these won't win a little pass
To heaven, nothing will.

OBSERVATIONS.

No matter what you married men may think, the average woman has a vocabulary of only 800 words. A Brooklyn man has been jailed for kissing a pretty girl. He says he merely ran smack into her. Dr. Albert Abrams says man is an electrical machine. Can he mean that man has electric lights. Don't envy John D. Jr. because of that increase of \$52,000,000 in his wealth. Remember, he's got to make out a terrible income tax statement.

MAMIE AND THE MUDHOLE.

This story, in play form, will be done by the "Stars at the Punch and Judy Theatre if the rights can be purchased.) A hot July sun was setting in the west as Mamie McTwigg turned from the Orlo Avenue mudhole in response to her mother's cry of "Supper's ready, Mamie." Little did she think her leaving would precipitate an argument, but it did. As she kicked open the front gate Prince Soaki, the Russian, said to Jepp Coogan: "Seems to meek you're pretty muddyvitch." Street Commissioner Doggie, knowing Jepp had fallen in the mudhole, felt slightly to blame for his fellow-townsmen's plight. "Cut it out, Prince!" he said. At that moment Judge Coley Butterworth came along. The Judge had a flowing beard, which he plaited himself as a pastime and this in itself was astounding to the Prince. "Well, Judge Coley, how's the beard?" Commissioner Doggie thus addressed the jurist. "I been thinkin' of gettin' it bobbed," replied the Judge. Mamie turned back from the gate. "Judge, I'm astounded," she said. She wasn't at all, but she said it for the effect it might have on Prince Soaki. Commissioner Doggie saw through her scheme. Stepping back, he drew his revolver. "Throw up your hands!" he commanded. The Prince, thinking the Commissioner wanted to play, began to cavort about the mudhole. Coogan began to whistle. All this did not appear on the level to Mamie. The two rivals for her hand apparently were anything but bitter. Turning to the Commissioner, she said: "Oh, go slap a toad!" It all seemed so absurd. (To be continued.)

Abe Takes the Count.

Abe Heller and the Missus mixed it a little with their fists Saturday night and Abe came out third. The

POEMS OF PREFERENCE

A. Ellsworth, having won a wife in this contest, is complaining. He says he'd like to trade her for the silver-plated glass eye we are offering as the prize for the best rhyme. Here's what he writes:
Your columbia called her very fair,
So every one confesses.
With lips like cherries, cheeks like pearls
And lovely auburn tresses.
But ah, they little know the cost
Of that bright row of pearls,
Nor do they know how much I paid
For those same golden curls.
Alas, they never hear her scold
From morn to set of sun,
Nor do they hear her lecturings.
Our nightly couch upon.
She thumps, she scolds; she scolds,
she thumps.
Oh, whether shall I flee?
If she were but some other guy's.
How happy I would be!

THIS AND THAT.

It appears to be necessary for us to say a few words here regarding an insinuation, made by Heywood Brown in his criticism of "The Ever Green Lady," printed yesterday in The World, the little sister of this great newspaper. Mr. Brown implied that the drinkers of The Evening World are unable to preserve their equilibrium once they sight a bottle. This, of course, is base slander and the three Evening World men who do indulge in a nip now and then are willing to prove it any time. All Mr. Brown has to do is get half a dozen quarts of good Scotch and leave it with the writer of this column. The demonstration will take place soon after—if the demonstrators can escape that World mob.

Now that the Clarences have started a movement to stop the practice of ridiculing their name, the Archbalds should get busy. One is just as guilty as the other. Incidentally, we'd like to know if there are any more Bides, outside the hundreds that have been named for us. If there are, we'll join them in stopping the use of profanity when the name is mentioned. Bide is pretty bad, but we have one consolation: our last name isn't Fish. Bide Fish would be awful, wouldn't it? Especially with our facial beauty.

Paul G. Hartman of Newburgh is a soda dispenser, but he dashes off a poem now and then, when he isn't flipping the juice. He has sent us the following, entitled "A Society Girl's Love":
He asked her if she loved him,
Her smile replied alone,
You see, she loved the milkman
And did not want it known.

AND NOW PERMIT US

To inform you that H. T. Scharinghouse, a San Francisco Elk, who was given a finger-ring by his lodge, is complaining because his name wasn't engraved in it.

About Plays and Players

KATHERINE EMMET, General Manager of the Equity Players, now presenting "Malvaloca" at the 48th Street Theatre, is in a quandary. She cannot find a way to induce Jane Cowd, playing the principal role, to accept her salary. At the end of the first week Miss Emmet went to Miss Cowd's dressing room with a check, but the actress declined to accept it, preferring to make a present of her work to the Equity. "Well, well!" said Miss Emmet, or words to that effect. Besides declining pay, Miss Cowd has refused to allow her name to be put in the theatre's electric sign.

THE CHOIR SEES DOANE.

About a dozen serious-faced, middle-aged men sat together in the Knickerbocker Theatre the other evening and applauded loudly every time Frank Doane appeared in "The Yankee Princess." These men liked the entire show, but Doane particularly aroused their enthusiasm. The actor recognized them and later explained about them. "Those fellows," he said, "used to sing with me in the choir at Grace Church. They always come to see me when I play on Broadway." "I didn't know you ever sang in a choir," remarked a friend. "I surely did," came from Doane. "That's where I started. Oh, I wasn't there long. I was full of the devil and made the boys laugh in the sol-

omn places, so they let me out. They wouldn't let me queer the choir." **NEW BILL FOR PARK.** The Minkeys are rehearsing an entire new bill for the Park Music Hall. It will open next Monday. La Mar Chaud, the French director, is staging the new burlesques. **DOUGH FOR THE JESTERS.** The Messrs. Shubert plan to have material written by well-known newspaper humorists for comedians in Shubert shows to use in making phonograph records. These records, it is believed, will provide valuable advertising for the shows. H. L. Phillips will do his stuff first. William and Eugene Howard, of "The Passing Show of 1922," at the Winter Garden, will make the record. **GOSSIP.** "On the Stairs" moves from the Playhouse to Daly's theatre, Monday night. Mary McCord and Elliott Taylor have been engaged to dance at the Billmore. John McCormack saw "The Gingham Girl" last night, leaving much tender laughter in the theatre. Marc Klaw, Inc., has engaged E. J. Ratcliffe and Horace Sinclair for Elsie Ferguson's support in "The Wheel of Life." The new Stuart Benson play, to be produced by Kilbourn Gordon, is

JOE'S CAR

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



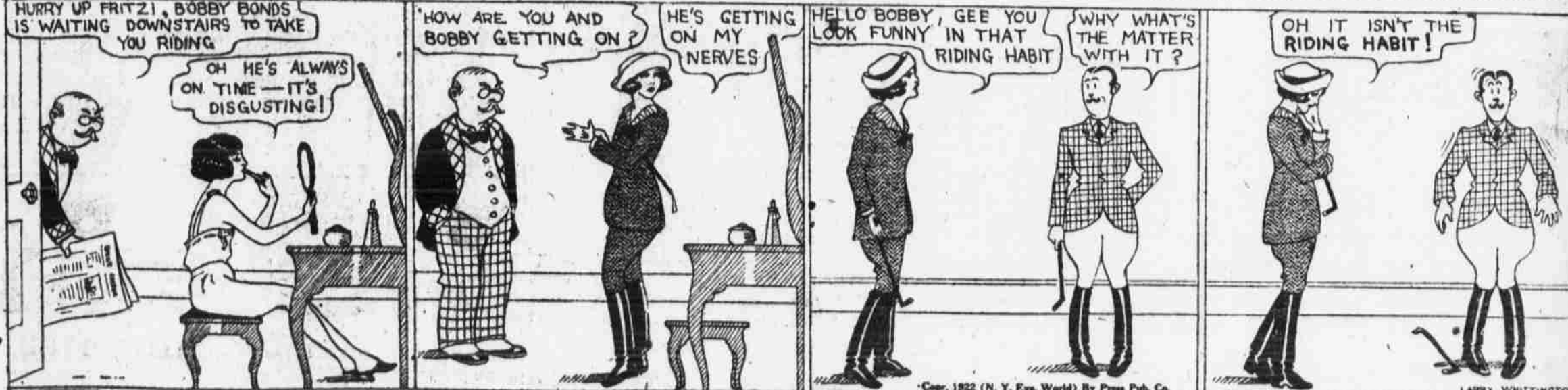
LITTLE MARY MIXUP

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



FRITZI RITZ

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



KATINKA

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"Find Cynthia," not "The Gentle Jailer." Sarah Edwards, who sings at the Hippodrome, had a birthday yesterday and the "Betteg-Times" folks gave her a cake. One thousand children will drop in at the Central Theatre at noon tomorrow and meet Max and Moritz, the chimpanzees. Fred G. Latham is to stage "The Bunch and Judy," Charles Dillingham's next musical comedy. This week's Wednesday matinee of "East of Suez" brought the biggest Wednesday afternoon receipts the Eltinge Theatre has known since "Within the Law." Phyllis Marren, daughter of Editor John Marren of the Baltimore Sun, made her debut last night as a member of the ensemble of "Blossom Time." Walter Hampden began his Shakespearian season at Parson's Theatre, Hartford, last night, offering his new production of "Othello." **A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.** If Daugherty has his way ships will continue to sail the blue, but it won't be nearly so blue as the passengers. **FOOLISHMENT.** Dogs baw-wow and cats meow. While the rooster crows. Then we come to Mrs. Cow; "Moo" she always goes. Add to this the donkey's bray. Then repeat it twice. **PUT IT IN THE ACT.** "What are you doing with that pick?" "Trying to break up a cold." And you're apt to find you're a Barnyard paradise.